

A FEW LINES ON THE LATE  
**HAPPY and MIRACULOUS ESCAPE**  
 Of His most Sacred and Excellent Majesty  
**KING GEORGE the 3d,**  
 At DRURY-LANE THEATRE, the 15th of MAY, 1800.

**G**OD save great **GEORGE** Our **KING**, and Him protect ;  
 Convince his Foes that He is thine elect. 4602 f  
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God save our Noble **KING**, and Him defend ;  
 With choicest Blessings unto his Life's end.

When Cobblers dare presume to mend the State,  
 Then, truly, Loyal Hearts must palpitate.

The Work of Ages, Now to want an Awl,  
 Or Stir-rup Soldiers to make Monarchs fall.

Concussions, then, exploded far and near ;  
 But, yet, Explosions which the World *would* hear ! }  
 All Crowned Heads would paralyze with fear !

Who Origins of Governments can trace ?  
 Did not sage Time such documents deface ?

Presumption in Mechanics to dictate ;  
 What Science ever form'd, or built a State ?

By Mathematics, Governments to square !  
 Novel, or new ; Such Subjects to compare.

Like **OLIVE TREES** all Governments should spring ;  
 The Soil produce Republics, or, a King.

'Tis immaterial which ; but I **PREFER**  
**KING GEORGE !** to any Norman Conqueror.

My Compliments to him respectfully,  
**LONG MAY HE LIVE !** Free from Adversity ; }  
 Reign in the Hearts of His Large Family.

I swear 'gainst Kings I'll never lift my hand ;  
 In This, or That, or Any other Land.

Beneath my Notice, for to Rise thereby,  
 To Consulship, or Other Stations high.

What Good would follow from the Sov'reign's death ?  
 What Cobbler could restore Imperial Breath ?

Nay, rather, what distracted Curse and Woe,  
 The Consequence of such a hideous blow !

Affassins in the dark ! Then, Safe are none ;  
 And All in Hellish Fears,—yes, ev'ry one.

Ghastly to fall in Battle ! But, Worse still,  
 Where Monarchs die without a previous Ill !

Ah ! When the King's to sudden death expos'd  
 By Soldiers on whose Zeal, He long repos'd ;

What shall we say then !—Here the Mind must pause !  
 And, Thunder-struck ! Enquire, what, What's the Cause !

His gracious Sceptre to All Ranks held out ;  
 Then Treason comes from Hell,—can any doubt ?

Petitions from the meanest, Answers He,  
 Then why the cause of all this Treachery ?

Such Cobbling Preachers, preach at a strange rate,  
 Who say that Christ will soon disturb the State.

All Governments, Christ left, just where he found ;  
 His Church with State affairs did ne'er confound.

Let Cobblers mind their Lasts, their Wax, and Ends ;  
 Dabbling in Politics to Mischief tends.

Let's drink the Royal Health in choicest Wine ;  
 May Heav'nly Glory round His Footsteps shine ;

The second Toast, or Sentiment, or Call ;—  
 Our Noble Selves, with **GEORGE** to stand or fall ;

Yes, Toast His loving Subjects Joys and Health !  
 “ *A speedy Peace and soon ;* ”—Plenty and Wealth.

Nor, None so Rich, to buy a Country's Stock ;  
 Nor Any very poor in **GEORGE**'s Flock.

**REFORMS**, Where Wanted ; or **OLD TIMES** Renew ; }  
 The Country full of **LITTLE FARMERS** view ;  
 The **KING** their **PATRON**,—**PLENTY** would ensue.

Each Kill his Bacon, fed on Pease or Beans ;  
 And, **HAPPY**, (in their way) like **KINGS** and **QUEENS**.

Each have an Orchard of the choicest Trees ;—  
 Themselves Industrious, like their Hives of Bees.

A Mixed Government, Mixt Properly,  
 Where People, Not Outweigh'd by Property, }  
 Is Best. — *God bless the Royal Family !*

*Entered at Stationers' Hall.—Price Twopence.*

N. B. By the Author of the above will speedily be published, Price 5 Shillings,  
**A MISCELLANEOUS POEM, with Cuts, &c.**

INCLUDING  
**BROAD HINTS to ABBE SIEYES and others.**

In Constitution-mending should be skill ;  
 Sieyer was a Blockhead, that task to fulfil :  
 To fortify a Garrison or Town,  
 What Master Builder first would pull them down ?